

The Country Lovers conquest.

In winning a coy Lass.

In Country Terms he useth homely greeting,
And sayes by all means she must be his sweeting,
He lets her know that he hath riches store-
And wonders that she can desire more
At length she did incline as he doth tell
And lik't his loving motion wondrous well.
To a pleasant new Tune, very much in use.



O See I lov'd a Lass
with a Rouling eye,
She was fond and fickle
so was never I.
If you will believeme
she was wondrous fair,
And it much did grieve me
to lose market ware,
I began to woo her
like a man indeed,
So on as I came to her
thus I did proceed.

Dearest be not coy
but in love agree,
I'm my Mothers joy
she loves none but me:
All her care is for me
how to get a wife,
And thou know'st I love thee
as I do my life,
Pretty be not cruel,
but be kind and free,
Thou shalt be my setwel
Ile love none but thee.

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What care I for coyne
 Since I have a Rock,
 If thou wilt be mine,
 Ile take thee in thy smock:
 Come let's make a bargain
 whilst I'm in the mind
 And I will be constant
 thou shalt ever find,
 I am young and lusty
 and a proper Lad,
 Come and let me kiss thee
 for to make me glad.
 I have House and Land
 and something else beside:
 All at thy command
 if thou wilt be my Bride,
 Sheep and Cows and Hens
 and such riches store,
 Therefore be not sullen
 canst thou wish for more:
 I have fir good Oren
 drawing in a plow:
 If thou canst not love
 prerty let me know.
 I have danc't with Sarah
 and with little Nan,
 Betty she told Grace
 I was a handsome man:
 Doll and Sue and Prudence
 would not me deny,
 Frank did smile upon me
 as she passed by.
 But it is no matter
 I will have my mind,
 For I will not flatter
 if thou wilt be kind

Long did I thus wooe,
 still she did deny,
 What I then should do
 or whether live or dye
 I could not imagine,
 for I scarce could speak.
 When I thought for certain
 that my heart would break
 Till my Mother told me
 without all dispute,
 I must not be daunted,
 but renew my Sute.
 To her then I halted
 with a good intent,
 To take no denial
 I was truly bent:
 Though she call'd me Bunkin
 I was ne're the worse,
 Knowing amongst Lovers
 these are words of course,
 I was so resolved
 for to win the field,
 That I would not leave her
 till I made her yield;
 Then I leapt for joy
 as I will might do,
 She that was so coy
 and so hard to use:
 Willing was to love me,
 and to be my Bride:
 Having now forsaken
 all the world beside:
 Thus I made a Conquest
 of a maiden fair,
 That with any Girl
 it's Country may compare

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